

We Are Not Here For Your Entertainment by Kiku_Takamoto

Series: [Harringrove Pride Month - 2021 Edition \[7\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - 1990s, F/F, Female Billy Hargrove, Female Billy Hargrove/Female Steve Harrington, Female Steve Harrington, Harassment, Homophobic Language, Lesbian Character, Sexual Harassment

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-11

Updated: 2021-06-11

Packaged: 2022-03-31 14:22:41

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,239

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billie is waiting for Stevie at the bar for their date night. The most she expected was some overpriced drinks. What she got instead was two men who think they can insert themselves in Stevie and Billie's relationship, all for their personal fantasy.

Billie is having none of it.

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Author's Note:

WARNING:

Contains:

Sexual harassment

Homophobic language

It was Saturday night, Billie was still waiting inside the bar for her girlfriend, Stevie, to show up. Since she was shadowing a surgical nurse, her schedule was often unpredictable, thankfully tonight it appeared she would only be half an hour late.

“You better hurry up, pretty girl. I wanna get lucky,” Billie muttered into her Jack Daniels. It wasn’t until she noticed two guys were sitting not far from her. They stared here down like two hungry hound dogs. She already didn’t like them. Everything about them sent alarm bells in her head, from the receding hair lines, to their rag looking clothing, they looked like they could be Neil’s age, give or take.

“Hey doll face, were a bit lonely, why don’t you join us?” the asshole with brown hair slurred while the other asshole with long black hair giggled drunkenly. Billie scrunched her face in disgust.

“No thanks, I’m already getting lucky tonight,” Billie declared, motioning for the bartender to give another drink. She was going to need it to tolerate one more second around these guys.

“Ah, but not every day you see a hottie into Metallica,” the black hair

asshole purred, pointing at Billie's band shirt. Billie silently cursed herself for wearing something that showed off her figure. She did it for Stevie, not for these jack offs.

"I bet we can do better than whatever lucky guy is coming your way," his friend added. Billie rolled her eyes, sub-consciously putting her leather jacket back on.

"I'll be sure to let *her* that," she smirked. The look on their confused faces was more then satisfying. Usually after she said something close to that, the guy would stop and back off.

Not these two.

"Her?"

"Billie!" Billie grinned turning around to see Stevie coming in. Seeing her girlfriend in her jean jacket made the blonde grin even more. Billie got out of her seat to hug the brunette tightly, soaking in the shocked look on the drunkards faces, 'Hey, I'm sorry I'm late!"

Billie chuckled sitting down next to Stevie, tucking a few pieces of her thick brown hair behind her ear.

"Make it up to me later on, pretty girl," Billie cooed, kissing the side of Stevie's head. Stevie grinned getting up out of her chair.

“I’ll be right back, I’m gonna freshen up a bit,” before Billie could object Stevie was already walking away.

“Don’t be too long,” Billie yelled back playfully. Just when thought everything would be fine and done, the two assholes decided to come in for round two.

“Hey,’ Billie bit her lip, facing the black hair asshole who’s look of shock was replaced by something far worse; lust, ‘So you and that cutie, you a ... you two are lesbians?’”

“We’re a couple, why?” She demanded.

“Not going lie, it’s kind of hot to see two beautiful chicks making out. Why don’t you and the cutie have some fun with us tonight?” that was the final straw for Billie.

“You have a vagina?”

Both of them gawked at her in shock.

“W-What?”

Billie downed the last of her drink. She needed all the alcohol she could get to deal with these two.

“Listen here buster and listen good,’ she snarled, both men stared her in shock. As if she was insulting them by putting them in their place, ‘My girl and I are exclusive. We aren’t two straight bitches who make out at random bars to turn hotshots like you and your friend on, got it? If you want that bullshit, there’s plenty of whores willing to fulfil your fantasy elsewhere.’

Neither of the men said a word. Billie took this as an opportunity to let the last of her feelings be known.

‘She is mine, and I am hers. If I see either of you lay on finger on her I make sure the unlucky ones tonight are you two.’

The brown hair asshole was the first one to come out of his shock. He had the audacity to giggle at the fuming blonde.

“God damn. You don’t have play hard to get, sweetheart-“

“I fuckin’ said no!’ Billie roared, she didn’t care if she got kicked out. Billie Hargrove would not let these assholes leave without knowing what she really thought of him, ‘We are not here for your goddamn entertainment-“

“Hey babe, sorry I was trying to fix my hair without a brush-“

Billie grabbed Stevie, kissing the girl deeply. Stevie melted in her arms, the momentary panic she felt from kissing in public melted when she felt Billie circle her arms around her waist. As the

separated Billie placed her foreheads Stevie's, smelling and socking in the floral perfume from her pale skin.

"You look so pretty tonight," she whispered flirtatiously. She looked behind Stevie to see the two assholes slapping down some dollar bills before getting out of their seats.

"Let's get out here,' the brown hair asshole growled, exchanging glares with Billie as they walked by the couple, his voice 'We have better things to do then deal with two dykes."

With that they head towards the door. Stevie stared at them in slight hurt, it was then Billie decided she would have the last word.

"Don't let the door trample your dicks on the way out!" she screamed back at them, getting out her own wallet to pay for her drinks.

The long hair asshole raised his middle finger, "Fucking bitch!"

"Love you too, cod fuck!" Billie barked back, the two men were then out of sight. The blonde slammed down the money on the counter before dragging herself and Stevie out of the bar to get away from interested onlookers.

Once they were outside Stevie decided to ask what had happened while she gone.

“Billie, what wrong?”

Billie bit her lip, still fuming at dealing with the idiots on their date night, “Two jack offs think because we were kissing and friendly, they think they can just insert themselves into our relationship so can fulfill some half off fantasy.”

Stevie looked sick the moment those words sunk into her head.

“They wanted to sleep with us because they were turned on by us?”

“Correct, pretty girl,’ Billie confirmed. She took out a cigarette trying to calm down from the shakiness she got from the yelling match, “They think because they see some ‘lesbian’ porn in a random slot machine they can insert themselves with real lesbian couples and that we should say yes to their bonehead fantasies.”

“That fucked up,” Stevie whispered, she was starving but now any appetite she had was completely gone. the thought of being fetishized by two complete strangers made her feel ill. Billie picked up on the brunette’s disgust with ease.

“Come on let’s get,” Billie refused to have their night out be ruined. Stevie looked at her in wide eye curiosity.

“We’re we going?”

“Home,’ Billie turned to Stevie, picking up the girl ease. Stevie blushed at feeling the blonde’s hands touch and caress her ass, ‘I can think of something very fun we can do where your messy hair is no problem, and no clothing required.”

Stevie said nothing. Billie knew that was her cue to run back to their apartment as fast as possible.

The rest of the night was adventurous, both girls forgot the scene at bar by the next morning. Being together was a simple and sweet way to end the night.

Author's Note:

I've encountered men sexualizing and fetishizing myself and other friends of mine so many times, then they get all surprised when we tell them they aren't interested. Like dude, we aren't attracted to you, that's kinda why we are called lesbians.

Even if we were straight or bi women, not leaving us alone is creepy and inappropriate. No means no.